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O ye shall listen to me!
For the mouse and the Ouzle have finished
their song,
And I am not heard by the turbulent throng
That groan like the laboring sea.

This was one of the few nursery songs I remembered. It was always a mystery; yet something, there was, left it in my ear. Poetry reveals itself at seasons, and but for this Timoniac visit to the woods, I might never have apprehended how the black-bird could be said to crow. Now it was clear. I fancied how such men as I had left—such critics—would treat a poet who should shout out the Ouzle, and cease suddenly. Yes, “the Ouzle did nothing but crow.” Heroical irony! a bleak wind of satire, blown witheringly on the whole human family. “Look at this sylvan family: contrast with our human, where little growths are stifled and outgrown, and the songsters,” I said, “hooted down.” “Hazel, and Bramble, and Oak.” Does the kernel sneer at the berry—does the oak tree trample out the moss? The birds sing each in turn, or in chorus; and none screams down another. The sun is feeding all things, mosses redden in gold, honey oozes through the leaves, and still I talk, alone, in these places, and sleep as usual as then. But I woke to know a trouble. Friends were at home to tea: drawings and models would be expected. The sun stooped lower and lower, and now looked under the wood. I rose as the great glare came in through the elms: there were a hundred golden columns. After shuffling, ankle deep in leaves, down a strange path, chosen, as the night was closing, to save ground, and secretly wishing at the same time to lose myself, I came to a great hollow on my left. There ferns were asleep, and mist rising over them. I trod down the cold silence to the bottom—a land of white toad-stools!

When I got home it was a troublesome evening; the ladies talking artistic and sentimental; making me show off my sketches, and pulling me, because I was a boy! Most of them “drew a little” themselves, and listened approvingly as my mother descanted and enlarged upon the amazing rapidity of my master. I heard all with sore misgiving, for I expected a split with that gentleman; and knew how soon my mother’s note would change so soon as he pronounced me no genius. My mother had always a taste for art, certainly a liking for it; recognized my likenesses invariably; praised me, and praises me now. The Bar- phrases (the “terrible”) were present. The phraseology I treasured that evening was multifarious and novel. It was of “dashing outcides,” “hitting off likenesses,” “embodying conceptions,” “laying in landscapes,” “penning sonnets,” “throwing off stanzas.” Each speaker, too, naming some one, her friend, who held, it seemed, exclusive monopoly in each particular talent. I dreamed all night of a churchyard of toad-stools sacred to the memory of rotting leaves. They sprang up under foot faster than my master drew hands; they changed into red-hot elms; they faded into grey ferns; and sooner than I could begin to sketch them, bugles clang, and galloped in a score of demons attired like ladies, who leaped over me, sketching stool and all, in a continuous fountain of horses,

forbidding flight, and imposing breathless night-mare, till I waked—breathless. I gulped my breakfast that morning, put my watch on the table, and executed two feet, from plaster casts, in four hours. I could no longer resist the ordeal of speed. It was tried now, and I was satisfied. I never repeated the experiment.

A little after this (I was not fifteen) came the split I had anticipated. My patron looked sideways, as he told me there was an infinite field of study at the British Museum—open to everybody. The original antiques there were superior to any casts he could furnish me with. They were accessible to all. And—he should, at all times, be happy to see me—I looked at the time-piece on the mantel, and wondered at what time that would be; for I did not believe him. He paused; and I remember feeling that a moment’s hesitation, on my part, would call for that explanation which my pride dreaded. I remember it as well as yesterday; and likewise feeling surprised at the impossibility and address which enabled me to change the subject on the instant, and to regret the late indisposition of Mrs. P., hoping that the fire near them had neither alarmed nor affected her seriously. I was a diplomatist for five minutes; could have talked about universal suffrage; did “good morning” inscrutably, presented an impassive exterior to the footman; and was not unrolled till, at the middle of Curzon street, destiny exposed my mummyship to the rain, and I stood up under a doorway. I looked up at the sky and laughed; a miserable, dirty, ragged blanket, patched with dirt! I was not at all impatient; on the contrary, perfectly satisfied, I had escaped. The weather understood me, and I it. Useless wasting sunshine on days of slavery! This was the last day of it; let it pour till sunset! I enjoyed the whole of it; made a diversion in the direction of the British Museum, and got home thoroughly drenched.

I believe I told my story with sufficient apathy to disgust my family, and went to bed grandly misanthropic. A nucleus of comfort was within me, though; and I could not sleep for thinking. My walk to the Museum had been productive. It was a public day, and two or three students were at work. One of these (he was copying a bust of Antinous) told me the magical secret: “Henry Howard, Esq., R.A.; don’t forget R.A.; would give me an introduction, if I wrote to him.” Was he related to “Belted Will,” or the “Philanthropist”? And as I inclined to one opinion or the other, I turned round and looked at the window. The sun rose at last. I got up weak, and with a cold. I wrote: took the letter myself (I could not wait post). It was nine o’clock at Newman street when the door opened. There was some one (beyond the footman) at the end of the passage, in a dressing-gown; not “Belted Will,” but the Philanthropist; he led me in; wrote, whilst I worshipped his canvas, then smiled me out, with a letter—he was a great smile. I was enrolled in the books of the Museum before 10 A.M. That day I outlined a statue, known as the Dancing Faun. I went home strangely buoyant; had no sleep that night, and, next day, the Scarlet Fever.

L'ORCO.

A LEGEND OF VENICE.

Translated for THE CRAYON from the French of Madame Dudevant.

We were as usual assembled under the arbor: the evening was stormy, the air heavy, and the sky draped in black clouds, now and then illuminated by flashes of lightning. A melancholy silence had settled upon us: it appeared as if the sadness of the atmosphere had penetrated to our hearts: we felt involuntarily disposed to tears. Beppa, especially, seemed to be given up to mournful thoughts, and in vain did the abbé, who dreaded the tendency of our dispositions, try repeatedly and in every way to revive the, usually, so marked gaiety of our friend. Neither questions, pleasantries, nor prayers, could withdraw her from her reverie; with eyes fixed upon the sky, and her fingers lightly touching the trembling strings of her guitar, she seemed to have lost consciousness of what was passing around her, and to be occupied only with the plaintive tones of her instrument, and with the drifting of the changeable clouds. The good Panorio, somewhat discouraged by the bad result of his efforts, turned and addressed himself to me.

“Well now,” said he, “dear Zorzi, do you try upon our sweet capricious friend the power of your friendship. There is between you two a kind of magnetic sympathy that will make your influence more effective than my own, and the sound of your voice will draw her out of this deep abstraction.”

“That magnetic sympathy which you allude to, dear abbé,” I replied, “comes from the identity of our feeling. We have suffered alike, and thought the same thoughts, and we understand ourselves well enough, she and I, to know what train of ideas recalls us ever to outward circumstances. I will wager that I can divine, if not the object, at least the nature of her reveries.”

And turning to Beppa:

“Dearest,” said I gently, “of which of our sisters art thou thinking?”

“Of the most beautiful,” she replied without moving, “of the proudest—of the most unfortunate.”

“When did she die?” I asked. “becoming already interested in one who lived in the memory of my noble friend, and longing to associate myself by my condolence with a career that could not be unknown to me.”

“She died towards the close of the past winter, the night of the masked ball given at the Servilio palace. She had borne up against many sorrows—she had come off victorious over many dangers—she had suffered terrible agony without flinching—and she departed suddenly, leaving no trace, as if she had been swept off by the lightning. Everybody here was more or less acquainted with her, but none knew her as I did, because no one loved her so well, and she only revealed herself according as she was beloved. Some do not believe in her death, notwithstanding she has not been seen since the night I speak of. They say it was a frequent occurrence with her thus to disappear for a long time, and then again to reappear. But for myself, I am sure she will return no more, and that her place

upon the stage of life is gone for ever. I would gladly believe otherwise, but I could not; she was careful to have the fatal truth imparted to me by the very person who was the cause of her death. And what a misfortune it was, my God! the greatest and saddest trial of these unhappy days! Such a beautiful life as here! so lovely, and then so full of contrast, so mysterious, so blooming, so sad, so brilliant, so enthusiastic, so rigid, so voluptuous; so complete in the blending of every human quality! No, not a life nor a death is there comparable to hers. She had the soul, in this prosaic age, to remain intact from every mean reality, and dwell alone with poetry. Faithful to the habits of the old national aristocracy, she only appeared at nightfall, masked, but always unaccompanied. There is not an inhabitant of the city who has not encountered her wandering in the squares or in the streets, not one who has not observed her gondola by the side of some canal, but nobody has ever seen her enter or come out of it. And this gondola, though without keepers, was never known to be the object of a single attempt at robbery. It was painted and equipped precisely like other gondolas, and yet everybody recognized it, children even exclaiming when they saw it, 'that is the gondola belonging to the mask.' As to the manner in which it was propelled, and the place to which it bore its mistress, either at morning or at evening, no one could ever conjecture. The officers of the customs had often witnessed it gliding like a dark shadow upon the lagoons, and taking it for a smuggler, had chased it out upon the sea, but, morning come, they had never been able to detect upon the water any resemblance to the object of their pursuit, until finally they regarded it no more, contenting themselves by saying, when it attracted their notice, 'There, again, that mask's gondola!' At night the mask wandered over the entire city, seeking no one knew what. It was seen by turns upon the great square and in the most intricate streets, upon the bridges, and under the arches of the great palaces, in spots the most frequented or the most deserted. It moved slowly at times, and again faster, without seeming to be mindful of a crowd, or of loneliness, but it never ceased to move on. It appeared to gaze intensely at houses, monuments, canals, even the sky over the roofs, and to relish the very air that circulated around its head. When it encountered a chosen friend it made a sign for him to follow, and both would disappear accordingly. More than once it has thus led me from the midst of a crowd to some lonely spot, and there conversed with me of things we loved. I followed confidingly, because I well knew we were friends, but many of those to whom it beckoned dared not obey its bidding. Strange stories were spread about, and these chilled the courage of the most intrepid. It is said that several young men, thinking they recognized a female concealed by the mask and black robe, had become enamored of her, as well on account of the strangeness and the mystery of her life, as from her beautiful figure and dignified carriage, and that being imprudent enough to follow her, they had never been heard of since. The police having remarked that these young men were all Austrians, had brought to bear its

skill to discover them, and obtain possession of her who was deemed the cause of their disappearance. But its agents were no more successful than the officers of the customs, and it had never been able to obtain any knowledge of the young foreigners, nor lay its hand upon the form that wore the mask. A curious adventure came to discourage the most ardent of the bloodhounds belonging to the Viennese inquisition. Finding it impossible to entrap the mask at night in Venice, two of their most zealous spies resolved even to await it in the gondola, in order to arrest it as it entered, in order to move to some other place. One evening observing it attached to the *Slaves* quay, they went in the gondola and concealed themselves. They remained all night without seeing or hearing anybody, but about an hour before daylight, they fancied they felt some one detaching the barge; they arose silently and prepared to spring upon their prey; at the same instant a tremendous shock, and the gondola capsize, and with it went the unlucky Austrian police. One of the two was drowned, and the other owed his life to the assistance of smugglers. The following morning there was no trace of the gondola, and the police believed it beneath the waves; but in the evening, it was seen fastened at the same spot, and in the same condition as the night before. After this a superstitious terror took possession of the body of police, and none were willing to renew the attempt. From that day no one sought to disturb the mask, and it continued its wanderings as before.

At the commencement of last autumn there came here a young Austrian officer attached to the garrison, named Count Franz Lichtenstein. He was an ardent, enthusiastic young man, possessing the germs of all great sentiments, and revealing the noblest of thoughts. Notwithstanding the bad education of a lord, he had still preserved his mind free from every prejudice, and kept in his heart a place for liberty. His position forced him to conceal in public his sentiments and tastes, but so soon as his duty was performed, he discarded a uniform that seemed to him indissolubly bound to all the vices of the government he served, and hastened to join the new friends whom his worth and intelligence had secured to him in the city. We delighted especially to hear him speak of Venice. He had felt it like an artist; he had heartily deplored its servitude, and finally came to love it as much as a Venetian. He was never tired of exploring it night or day, and his admiration never abated; he wished, he said, to know it better than those who enjoyed the good-fortune of being born there. On his nocturnal promenades he encountered the mask. At first he gave but little thought to it, but having soon remarked that it seemed to study the city with the same curiosity and the same fidelity as himself, he was struck with the strange coincidence, and spoke of it to several persons. They told him at once the stories current about this veiled female, and advised him to be careful. But, brave even to rashness, these warnings, instead of frightening him, but excited his curiosity, and inspired him with an intense desire to make the acquaintance of so mysterious a personage, who could so awe the vulgar mind. Desiring to preserve

towards the mask the same incognito that it maintained towards him, he assumed an ordinary costume, and resumed his nightly wanderings. It was not long before he met the object he looked for. One lovely moonlight night he saw the masked form standing in front of the beautiful church of Saint John and Paul. It seemed to contemplate with profound admiration the delicate ornaments that surrounded its portal. The Count approached it with slow and silent steps. It did not appear to be sensible of his presence, and remained motionless. The Count, who paused an instant to see if he was noticed, again moved on and stood at length close by her side. He heard her utter a deep sigh, then, as he was little versed in the Venetian dialect, but admirably so in Italian, he addressed her in the pure tones of Tuscany.

"Hail," said he, "blessings and gratitude for those who love Venice!"

"Who are you?" replied the mask, in a clear full voice like that of a woman, but as soft as a nightingale's.

"I am a lover of beauty."

"Are you of those whose coarse instincts do violence to free beauty, or among those who prostrate themselves before beauty in captivity, and mingle their tears in common with it?"

"When the kingly songster of the night sees the rose joyfully expand to the breath of the breeze, he opens his wings and sings; when he sees it withering under the rude blast of the storm, he conceals his head under his wing and trembles. Thus does my soul."

"Follow me then, for thou art among my heart's chosen." And seizing the young man's hand she drew him towards the church. When he felt the cold hand of the unknown clasp his own, and saw her direct herself with him towards the gloomy recess of its entrance, he involuntarily thought of the strange stories he had heard, and suddenly seized with affright, he stopped. The mask turned, and fixing upon him a penetrating look, said,

"Fear!—Adieu."

Then, releasing his arm, she walked rapidly away. Franz was ashamed of his weakness, and darting after her, seized her hand in his turn, and said,

"No, I am not afraid. Proceed."

Without answering, she continued her walk. But, instead of taking the way to the church as before, she plunged into one of the small streets that opened upon the square. The moon was obscured, and complete darkness reigned throughout the city. Franz could scarcely see where he placed his foot, and could distinguish nothing in the deep shades which environed him. He followed mechanically his guide, who seemed to be perfectly familiar with the locality. Occasional gleams of light through the clouds enabled Franz to perceive the brink of a canal, a bridge, an arch, or a part of some unknown labyrinth of dark and crooked streets. Then all fell back again into obscurity. Franz soon saw that he was completely lost in Venice, and that he was at the mercy of his guide, but, resolved to brave everything, he manifested no uneasiness, and allowed himself to be conducted without making any observation. At the end of a long hour, the masked woman stopped.

"It is well," said she to the Count; "you

are courageous. If you had shown the least sign of fear during our course, I would never have uttered a word to you again. But you have remained impassible. I am pleased with you. To-morrow at the church of Saint John and Paul, at eleven o'clock. Seek not to follow me: it would be useless. Turn to your right and you will see the square of Saint Mark's. We meet again."

She warmly pressed the hand of the Count, and before he had time to reply, disappeared around the corner of the street. The Count remained some time motionless, engrossed with what had just occurred, and undecided as to what he should do. But, having considered the few chances there were of finding the mysterious lady, and the risks he might incur of losing himself by pursuing her, he concluded to return home. He took, therefore, the street to his right, and found himself accordingly in a few moments upon the square of San Marco, from whence he easily regained his hotel.

The following evening he was punctual at the rendezvous. He arrived upon the space in front of the church just as the clock was upon the stroke of eleven. He found the masked female awaiting him upon the steps of the doorway.

"It is well," said she, "you are precise. Let us enter."

Upon saying this she turned hastily to the church. Franz, who observed the closed door, and who knew it was never opened for anybody in the night, thought the woman was crazy. But what was his surprise to see the door yield at the first touch! He followed his guide, who closed the door immediately after their entrance. Both found themselves in the dark, but Franz, aware of a second door, without a lock, that separated them from the nave, felt no uneasiness, and proceeded to push it back and enter. But she arrested his arm.

"Have you ever visited this church?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty times," replied he, "I am as well acquainted with it as the architect that built it."

"Say that you think you are acquainted with it, for you do not yet really know it. Enter."

Franz pushed back the inner door, and stood within the church. It was thorough magnificently illuminated, and yet entirely deserted.

"What ceremony is about to be celebrated here?" demanded Franz, bewildered.

"None. The church is prepared for me this evening: that is all. Follow me."

The Count sought in vain to comprehend the sense of the words addressed to him by the mask; but entirely under the control of a mysterious power, he followed it obediently. She led him into the middle of the church, and made him to regard, understand, and admire the general arrangement. Then passing to an examination of each part, she pointed out in detail the nave, the columns, the chapels, the altars, the statues, the pictures, every decoration; showed him the meaning of everything, revealed to him the idea under each form, made him to feel all the beauties of the various works comprising the whole, and caused him to penetrate, as it were, into the very heart of the church. Franz listened

with rapt attention to every word from the eloquent mouth which seemed to delight in instructing him, and each added moment he recognized how little he had before understood of the mass of works which had before seemed so easily comprehended. By the time she finished, the rays of the morning entering through the windows overpowered the light of the waxen tapers. Although she had spoken many hours, and had not seated herself an instant during the night, neither voice nor body betrayed the least sign of fatigue. Her head simply inclined forward upon her bosom, which throbbed violently, as if to catch the sighs that proceeded from it. Suddenly she raised her head, and throwing up her arms towards heaven, cried out,

"O slavery! slavery!"

At these words the tears rolled down from beneath the mask, and fell upon the folds of her black dress.

"Why do you weep?" said Franz, approaching her.

"To-morrow, at midnight; in front of the arsenal," was her only reply.

And she went out by the door upon the left side, which closed with a heavy clang. At this moment rang out the Angelus. Franz, aroused by the unexpected noise of the bell, turned around, and observed that the tapers were all extinct. He remained some time motionless, struck with surprise, then left the church by the great door just opened by the sacristans, and betook himself slowly home, brooding over the night's adventures, and wondering who such a woman could be, so bold, so sensitive, and so powerful, so captivating in her conversation, and so majestic in her movements.

On the following day at midnight, the Count stood before the arsenal. He found the mask there awaiting him as on the evening before, and without a word she began to walk rapidly before him. Franz followed as he had done the preceding night. Arrived before one of the lateral doors on the right, the mask stopped, introducing into the lock a key of gold, which Franz saw as it glittered in the moonlight, and opening it noiselessly, she entered, making a sign to Franz to follow after. He hesitated an instant. To penetrate into the arsenal in the night-time by means of a false key, was to expose himself to an order to appear before the council of war, if it should chance to be discovered, and it was almost impossible not to be so in a place peopled with sentinels. Still, upon seeing the mask preparing to close the door in his face, he decided at once to pursue the adventure to its end, and he accordingly entered. The masked woman conducted him first over several courts, then through corridors and galleries, the doors of which were all opened by the golden key, until she finally introduced him into vast halls filled with arms of every description and of every age, arms that had served in the wars of the Republic, either in the hands of its defenders or in the hands of its enemies. These halls were found to be illuminated by gallery-lanterns placed at equal distances among the trophies. She pointed out to the Count the most curious and the most celebrated arms, telling him the names of those to whom they had belonged, and the conflict in which they had been employed, and relat-

ing to him in detail the exploits of which they had been the instruments. She revived thus in the eyes of Franz the entire history of Venice. After having visited the four halls dedicated to this exhibition, she led him into another and the last, more vast than all the others, and illuminated like them, where were arranged various kinds of woods, fragments of vessels of different sizes and forms, and entire portions of the last Bucentaur. She made known to her companion the relative value of the species of timber, the use of vessels, the epoch at which they had been constructed, and the name of the expeditions of which they had formed a part; then showing him the gallery of the Bucentaur:

"Behold," said she in a tone profoundly sad, "the remains of our past sovereignty. This is the last vessel that ever bore the doge to wed the sea. Now Venice is enslaved, and slaves are never given in marriage. O slavery! O slavery!"

As on the preceding evening, she went out immediately after pronouncing these words, but this time taking the Count with her, as he could not without danger remain in the arsenal. They retraced their steps in the same manner as before, passing the last door without encountering a single person. Arrived upon the street, they appointed another rendezvous for the following day, and then separated.

(To be concluded in the next No.)

ROMAN RENAISSANCE.

PRIDE OF SCIENCE.

(Continued from *Stones of Venice*.)

OBSERVE, also, the difference between tasting knowledge and hoarding it. In this respect, it is also like food; since, in some measure, the knowledge of all men is laid up in granaries, for future use; much of it is, at any given moment, dormant, not fed upon or enjoyed, but in store. And by all, it is to be remembered, that knowledge in this form may be kept without air, till it is of no use; and that, however good or orderly, it is still only in being tasted that it becomes of use; and that men may easily starve in their own granaries, men of science, perhaps, most of all, for they are likely to seek accumulation of their store, rather than nourishment from it. Yet let it not be thought that I would undervalue them. The good and great among them are like Joseph, of whom the sower going forth to buy corn; or like the sower going forth to sow beside all waters, sending thither the feet of the ox and the ass; only let us remember that this is not all men's work. We are not intended to be all keepers of granaries, nor all to be measured by the filling of the storehouse; but many, nay, most of us are to receive day by day our daily bread, and shall be as well nourished and as fit for our labor, and often, also, fit for nobler and more divine labor, in feeding from the barrel of meat that does not waste, and from the cruise of oil that does not fail, than if our barns were filled with plenty, and our presses bursting out with new wine.

It is for each man to find his own measure in this respect; in great part also for others to find it for him while he is yet a